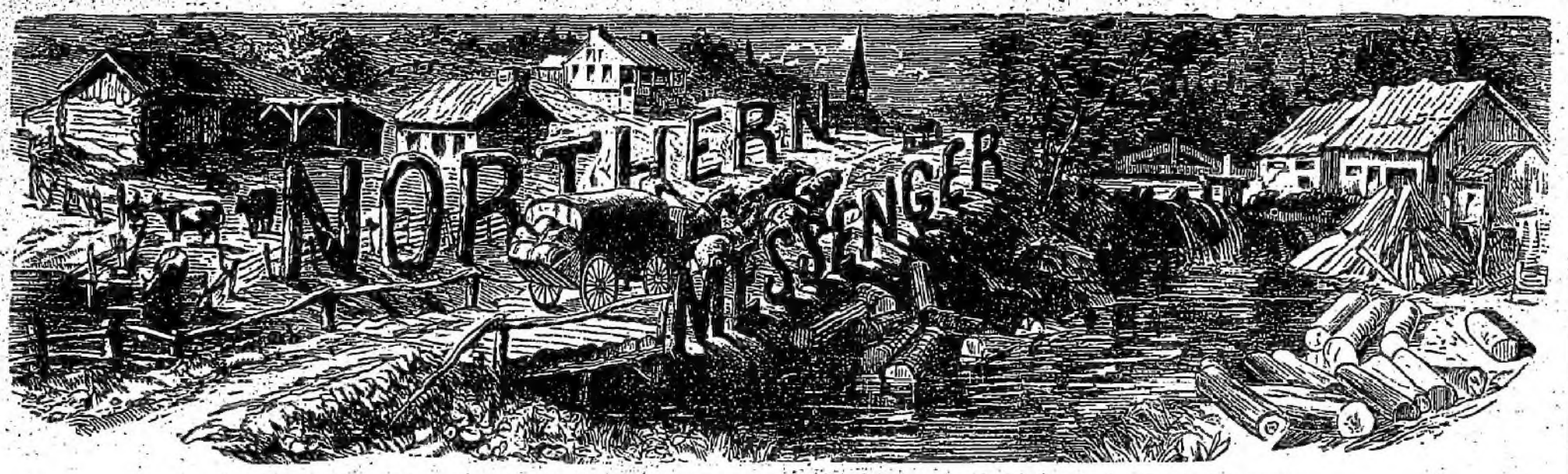


DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVII.. No. 14. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JULY 8, 1892. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

DR. LANSDELL'S JOURNEY THROUGH CHINESE CENTRAL ASIA—A MUD-STREAM AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE.

AUBERT GALLION QUE. 1892 W. M. Power

A MUD STREAM AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE.

Details of the recent terrible earthquake in Chinese Central Asia have been given by Dr. Lansdell, who was travelling in the region at the time. Reaching Vierny shortly after, he heard from eye-witnesses many harrowing stories of the disaster, and saw the destruction wrought in the town.

But it was not in the town alone that the earthquake was felt; for, in some of the gorges of the adjacent snow-capped Alexander Mountains, the ground opened in chasms, and belched forth water and mud, whilst from the sides of the ravines descended huge landslips. Falling into the gorges and mingling with the streams, the whole advanced in a semi-liquid mass. The Aksai defile, for instance, was choked with mud to a depth of seventy feet, over a breadth as wide as the Thames at London Bridge. Tents and houses were entombed, in one case with a forester's wife and family, whilst an apiary, with five hundred hives and eight persons belonging thereto, was buried entirely. A Kirghese, caught by a landslip, was carried by it for about two miles, he springing the while from spot to spot to avoid falling between the disrupted masses. A Cossack also was riding in the defile when a landslip fell and caught his horse by the legs, whereupon the rider jumped off and ran up an adjoining declivity, but only just in time to see his horse disappear entirely.

The illustration is from the London *Graphic*.

TANGERINE APPLES OF GOLD;

OR, WORDS FITLY SPOKEN (PROV. XXV. 11).

Dear children,—In the tenth chapter of Matthew our dear Lord Jesus tells us that in the hour of need he will put into our lips the right words to say; and I want to tell you how truly he did this for me a little while ago.

Many of you know that we have in Tangier a Hospital and medical mission for the poor people of this dark land, who do not know our Jesus, but follow the false prophet, Mahomet, and think that he can save them.

One morning, an old man came to us from a long distance for medicine. Many others were already waiting their turn to see the doctor, so, as I knew it must be some time before he could be treated, I sat down by him, and began to tell him about Sidna Asia (Jesus), and to read the Gospel. But soon he became very much excited. I found he was one of the most bigoted Mohammedans I had ever met.

He said, "Mohammed is my prophet, I want no other; he will admit me into heaven. It is a sin to look even at the cover of the Gospel. I have the Koran."

And so he continued every time I tried to read or speak, stopping me with some long quotation from his book, or shouting out a number of angry sentences.

At last he pulled the hood of his jalab (the long woollen garment worn by all the men in Morocco) over his head, put his fingers in his ears, and refused to listen to a word more.

I felt quite at a loss what to do. He was so angry, it seemed useless to continue, and yet I felt I could not leave him in such utter darkness. I looked up for help, and, quick as thought, the answer came, and God put into my mind the following little story. I waited till I saw he was again listening; then I said—

"I am not going to mention the name of Sidna Asia, nor of His Book, but I want you to let me tell you a tale."

Moors love stories, and he was willing to listen. Many others gathered round, too, who had heard what had passed. I said—

"Once there was a poor man who had a great enemy. This enemy was stronger than he was, and one day he caught him and put him in a dungeon in the ground. The prison was far away under the earth, without windows, and the door opened into a dark tunnel. And there he shut him up in total darkness.

"The poor prisoner was young then, but many years passed, till his hair turned white and he was about sixty years old (the old man I was speaking to seemed about that age, and had a long white beard). Then, in a far-off country, the servants of a King, who was as good as He was great, heard of this poor man, so long imprisoned, and their hearts were filled with pity. Their King, too, longed to save him, and he asked who would go to try to release the prisoner.

"Many offered, and those who were ready the King sent. They travelled a long way by sea and land; they met many dangers and difficulties; but at length they reached the dungeon. Then they commenced to dig. By day and night ceaselessly they worked until, at length, into the depths of that dark prison there shone some rays of God's own blessed sunshine.

"And the prisoner—was he glad? Did he thank them? Oh! no; he pulled his old rags over his face, and cried—

"'It hurts! it hurts! take it away!'"

I never finished my little story, for the old man's face, which had been slowly softening while I spoke, now broke into a smile; and, turning to others, he said—

"She means me. I am the poor prisoner."

Then, to my joyful surprise (Oh, ye of little faith!), he said to me, "Tell me all you like now about your Sidna Asia, and I will listen."

And so he did for nearly an hour. He seemed deeply interested, and, at his request, he received an Arabic New Testament to read in his far off home.

When Jesus says, "Lo, I am with you alway," it is not, you see, dear children, a promise only, but a glorious fact. Will you continue to pray for poor Morocco and the work and workers here? There are thousands of prisoners still in darkness, and but a tiny band whom the King has found ready to go to their release. Who will come and bring to them "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ?"

Your friend in Morocco,

JENNIE JAY.

Casablanca, North Africa.

MEMORIZING AND EXPLAINING HYMNS.

In many Sunday-schools rewards are offered to the scholars for memorizing a list of hymns selected by the pastor or other competent person; and those who have earned such rewards can testify to the pleasure and profit that they have found in after-life, in the ability to sing or repeat from memory these familiar hymns of their childhood. This method, however, is open to the serious objection that the memorizing is in a large measure unintelligent, and the child's subsequent efforts to understand and realize the thoughts of the hymn are hindered rather than helped by the familiarity of the words to his ear. Examples are not wanting, also, of absurd mistakes, on the part of children, as to the meaning of some of our most sacred and apparently simple hymns. A wise and loving parent or teacher, who will take pains to lead the child's mind through the thoughts of each verse, while the words are being impressed upon his memory, can obviate this difficulty. But such parents and teachers are rare.

An excellent way to open up the meaning of a hymn to a Sunday-school is to make it the basis of a Sunday-school concert service.

Another method that has been adopted in some churches, and that is worthy of a wider acceptance, is for the leader of the church prayer-meeting, or of the young people's prayer-meeting, to appoint a hymn to be memorized, repeated, and sung from memory, as one of the exercises of the meeting. The subject of the meeting may be one suggested by the hymn, and the remarks of the leader may be directed to the elucidation and enforcement of the Christian truth which it contains. Such a method, pursued with tact and enthusiasm, is likely to lend interest and helpfulness to the meetings, while at the same time enlarging and directing the devotional thoughts of the people, and furnishing their minds with a more or less valuable collection of the hymns of the church.

It is the custom in at least one church for the pastor to select a "hymn for the month," which becomes, during the month, a specified part of the exercises in the Sunday-school, and in the weekly church prayer-meeting. The hymn is printed for the use of the Sunday-school, and is to be memorized by teachers and scholars alike. —*Sunday-school Times.*

WRESTLING IN PRAYER.

There was an old deacon in a city in Michigan who was connected with a church which had no conversion for sixteen years. He came to his death-bed, and felt that he could not die in peace. He sent for the minister, but he had been too long accustomed to the darkness to be easily awakened. Failing with all the male members of the church, he sent for the ladies and pleaded with them to pray for a revival. They prayed and fasted before God. In a little while the whole church was moved. I received a despatch from the minister. On my arrival he took me into a room filled with these ladies praying that the Lord would reveal his power. I felt, as soon as I entered, that God was there. The next night the power came, and in forty-eight hours there was scarcely a young man or young woman who was not converted to God, or anxious to be saved.—*D. L. Moody.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.

LESSON III.—JULY 17, 1892.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Acts 2:37-47.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved."—Acts 2:47.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 2:14-36.—The Witnessing Disciples.
T. Acts 2:37-47.—The First Christian Church.
W. Zech. 12:6-14.—The Spirit of Grace and Supplication.
Th. Luke 3:1-14.—Repentance and Baptism.
F. Acts 19:1-10.—Baptism and the Holy Ghost.
S. Rom. 10:1-17.—Confession, Faith, Salvation.
S. Eph. 4:1-32.—One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Company of Inquirers. vs. 37-40.
II. A Company of Confessors. vs. 41-43.
III. A Company of Brethren. vs. 44-47.

TIME.—Sunday, May 28, A.D. 30. The same day as the last lesson, and the days following.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, near the upper room where the disciples met.

OPENING WORDS.

Peter had just shown his hearers that the wonders of Pentecost were the fulfilment of prophecy; that Jesus, the despised Nazarene, whom they had murdered, was their own Messiah; that God had raised him from the dead and exalted him to the heavens. Our lesson to-day tells us the effect of this sermon.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

37. *Heard this*—Peter's sermon, recorded in verses 14-36. *Pricked in their heart*—convinced of their sin, and very sorry for it. *What shall we do?*—How can we be saved? 38. *Repent*—Catechism Ques. 87. *Be baptized*—in profession of faith in Jesus. *Gift of the Holy Ghost*—to enlighten their minds and purify their hearts. 39. *The promise*—of the Holy Spirit. See Joel 2:28-32. *Your children*—the promise was to continue to other and succeeding generations. *Afar off*—Gentiles as well as Jews. 40. *Save yourselves*—by receiving Christ as your Saviour. 41. *Were baptized*—the first Christian baptism in the name of Christ. Neither the supply of water nor the length of time would suffice for the baptism of so many by immersion. Besides, the fact that baptism by water is a symbol of the baptism of the Holy Ghost by pouring out the Spirit, and of the cleansing by blood by sprinkling, makes it highly improbable that immersion was the mode. 42. *Breaking of bread*—their daily eating together, followed by the Lord's Supper. 44. *All things common*—so far as their mutual wants required; a voluntary and temporary arrangement, to meet present needs, but not adopted in other churches founded by the apostles. 47. *Such as should be saved*—Revised Version, "those that were being saved;" American Revision Committee, "those that were saved."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who preached to the multitude on the day of Pentecost? How did he explain the wonders they had witnessed? What did he tell them about Jesus? How did he close his sermon? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A COMPANY OF INQUIRERS. vs. 37-40.—What effect did Peter's preaching produce? What inquiry did these hearers make? What was Peter's answer? What is repentance unto life? What did Peter promise them? How did he encourage them? What further exhortation did he give? What must you and I do to be saved?

II. A COMPANY OF CONFESSORS. vs. 41-43.—Who were baptized? What is baptism? To whom is baptism to be administered? How many were added to the church? What four things did these new disciples do? What effect did their steadfastness produce on others? How did the apostles further witness for Christ?

III. A COMPANY OF BRETHREN. vs. 44-47.—How did these disciples show their brotherly love? Their earnest piety? Their Christian fellowship? What is further said of their daily life? What was the effect of all this?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Repentance and faith in Christ are necessary for salvation.
2. The promise of salvation is to all who will receive it.
3. True religion makes people careful for the comfort of others.
4. It produces love for the Bible, the church, and prayer, and gives singleness of heart and joy.
5. When Christians are earnest and devoted their number will be increased.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What was the effect of Peter's preaching? Ans. Many were pricked to their hearts, and said, "What shall we do?"
2. What was Peter's answer? Ans. Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost.
3. How many were that day added to them? Ans. About three thousand souls.
4. What did the new disciples do? Ans. They continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.
5. How did the Lord bless their faithfulness? Ans. The Lord added to them day by day those that were saved.

LESSON IV.—JULY 24, 1892.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.—Acts 3:1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY v. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And his name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong."—Acts 3:16.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 3:1-11.—The Lame Man Healed.
T. Acts 3:12-26.—Peter's Sermon.
W. Matt. 10:1-22.—Power of Healing.
Th. Luke 23:1-24.—The Holy One Denied.
F. Luke 23:25-46.—The Prince of Life Slain.
S. Luke 24:1-32.—Raised from the Dead.
S. Mark 10:46-52.—Faith and Healing.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Miracle of Healing. vs. 1-8.
II. The Wonder of the People. vs. 9-11.
III. The Name of Jesus Christ. vs. 11-16.

TIME.—June, A.D. 30, soon after the day of Pentecost; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. At the temple.

OPENING WORDS.

The closing scenes of our last lesson represent the condition of things in the early church at Jerusalem, at least for days, perhaps for weeks or longer. Our lesson to-day is an account of one of the "many wonders and signs done by the apostles" (Acts 2:43) in those days. It is recorded because it was the occasion of a sermon by Peter, which was followed by the first attack made upon the infant church.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

2. *Lame*—from his birth. *Called Beautiful*—on the east side, composed chiefly of Corinthian brass, plated with gold. The doors were fifty cubits high and thirty broad. 4. *Look on us*—so Christ says to the helpless sinner; Look unto me, and be ye saved. Isa. 45:22. 6. *Such as I have*—something far better than the poor man expected. *In the name of*—by his authority and power. 7. *Took him by the right hand*—giving the helping hand as well as speaking the healing word. 8. *Praising God*—as well he might. Every word shows the completeness of the cure. 9. *All the people saw*—the witnesses to the miracle were many; it was public and in the temple. 10. *They knew*—they could not doubt the miracle, as they had seen him daily for years. 11. *In the porch*—on the eastern side of the temple. 13. *Glorified*—honored and exalted. *His son*—Revised Version, "his servant," a prophetic appellation of the Messiah. Isa. 42:1. *Denied*—as king and Messiah. See John 19:15. 15. *The Prince of life*—the author and giver of life. The blood of the Son of God is on your heads. Matt. 27:25. You killed him. God raised him up; *whereof we are witnesses.* 16. *His name*—his power. *Through faith in his name*—both of the apostles and of the man. Faith was the means, Peter the instrument, Christ the worker of the miracle.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many were added to the church on the day of Pentecost? What was the character of the new converts? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE MIRACLE OF HEALING. vs. 1-8.—At what hour did Peter and John go to the temple? For what purpose? Whom did they see at the temple gate? How old was this life-long cripple? Acts 4:22. What did he ask of Peter and John? What did Peter first say to him? What did the man do? What did Peter then say to him? What followed the words of Peter? What did the man do as soon as he was healed? In what respects are all sinners like this lame man? Who alone can heal them? What should they do when healed?

II. THE WONDER OF THE PEOPLE. vs. 9-11.—Who witnessed this miracle? Why were they in the temple at that hour? What did they know about the man? How did the miracle affect them? Why did they wonder?

III. THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST. vs. 12-16.—What led Peter to address the multitude in Solomon's porch? What did Peter say to them? Whom did he declare Jesus to be? With what crime did he charge the people? How had God glorified Jesus? Who were witnesses of his resurrection? What had healed this man? What is meant by *his name*? By *faith in his name*? What is said of his name in Phil. 2:9-11.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. There are many things of more value than silver or gold.
2. We may do good without being rich.
3. Great blessings should be acknowledged with thankfulness and joy.
4. The name of Jesus Christ has healing power for the soul as well as for the body.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What miracle was wrought by the apostles at the temple gate? Ans. They cured a lame beggar.
2. What took place after the miracle? Ans. Peter preached Jesus Christ to the wondering people in Solomon's porch.
3. With what crime did Peter charge them? Ans. "Ye denied the Holy One, and killed the Prince of life."
4. How had God honored his Son? Ans. "God hath raised him from the dead; whereof we are witnesses."
5. How had the lame man been cured? Ans. "His name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE MUDLESS GOWN.

BEFORE.

She waded across the muddy street,
Her upheld dress exposed her feet,
And draggled skirts that were not neat.

She clutched her gown and tried in vain
Its right position to maintain,
And still protect it from the rain.

With bundles and umbrella too,
'Twas always more than she could do
To keep the mud from skirt and shoe.

At home she brushed off mud and dirt,
And vowed her rights she would assert,
And comfort gain from shortened skirt.

AFTER.

She steps across the muddy street
With shortened skirt and gaiters neat,
No mud disfigures dress or feet.

Down the steep hill she goes with ease,
There is no weight to tire the knees,
No trailing skirts with care to seize.

But best of all, her clothes are clean.
And this strange thing has not been seen
Since gowns began to trail, I ween.

—*Fay Fuller, in Woman's Tribune.*

HEALTH IN OUR HOMES.

Those who are responsible for homes cannot be too careful of the health of the inmates. Some homes that I know of are positively dangerous. Built on low, swampy land, shut in by trees and hedges, everything is damp and chill about them.

Fungus growths flourish on the roof and sides of the house, and in the cellar likewise. In one house that I have in mind six children died in one winter of diphtheria; every year one of the family has a fever of typhoid nature, and common colds are as prevalent as storms.

In some houses drain pipes are allowed to leak in the basement. Stagnant water from the sewers, and the dampness coming in slowly through the walls, act in concert to destroy the lives of our loved ones. Often does the enemy approach so insidiously that you do not suspect the danger until it is too late. Frequent examinations of vaults and cisterns and cellars will usually defy these lurking dangers.

Sometimes the walls of rooms are themselves disease breeders. Even when the paper itself is free from poison, the paste with which it is put on affords an excellent home for the minute organisms which produce certain diseases. Often the danger is multiplied by paper being repeatedly laid on over the old layers of paste and paper. This should never be done. When new paper is put on the old should be torn off and the walls neatly cleansed with soap or ammonia, and water. But the best wall is the old plaster wall kalsomined, or wainscot. The dados of our forefathers' time, washed and scoured as they were by the careful housewife, could happily be revived.

Why is the sunshine so utterly excluded from so many homes? Look at the fashionable window of to-day. First, the shade, close to the glass, then the long, rich hangings of lace; again, the still richer ones of plush or satin, while, as if to make sure that no ray of life shall penetrate, the silken half shades strung on wires across the lower panes are added, making the window as useless and inaccessible as possible. To all this barring out of light fashion adds the edict that it is bad form to stand or sit close to a window.

We might as well go back to the high, narrow portholes of our ancestors at once. They would be less ornamental, perhaps, but quite as useful. Even in distant farmhouses, among the hills, the windows of the sitting-room and parlor are swathed and smothered in drapery, making beautiful, well furnished dungeons, it may be, but not healthy, cheerful rooms to live in.

It is necessary, I suppose, to be elegant in the drawing-room, or else (terrible alternative) be unfashionable; but in living room, and chamber, and nursery, one can dare to be bright, pleasant and healthful, even at the risk of offending Mrs. Grundy. Banish everything but the linen shades, or if the æsthetic eye demands drapery, let it be of the lightest in color and fabric, cotton, linen, lace or scrim, something that may easily be washed or renewed.

Children need the sunshine as well as plants, and its subtle tonic has a wonderful curative influence upon both our physical and mental ailments. It pierces into the secret corners, deodorizes the foul places, kills disease germs, and brings life, health and joy on its beams. Our broad low windows should not be designed merely for the display of the upholsterer's art, but for the free advent of the lovely, dancing sunlight as well.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"AN INSTANCE OF ANSWERED PRAYER."

Within a short time I have had brought to my knowledge what seems to me a very touching, beautiful and inspiring answer to prayer. I sat with others in a plain, little country church one day last autumn, and listened with profound interest to the religious experience of a young man who was just on the eve of his departure for India. And as he described the steps that led him in the first instance to give himself in entire consecration to the Lord Jesus, and the influence that kept him close to the Master during his school and college life, (filled, as they always are, with numberless and varied temptations,) he made it very evident that the strongest, most controlling influence was his mother's prayers.

Early left a widow, with a little family of sons and daughters about her, she kept up the custom of family prayers. "Such a blessing to one of her boys," was the simple testimony of this son. And he added, "My pure home training," with this prayerful mother, "and my mother's face always came between me and evil conversation."

Who of us mothers would not covet such a tribute to our motherhood! Will our boys as they go out into the world and meet its temptations and allurements carry with them such blessed memories of praying mothers? As they watch our daily life—these little home critics—will they see plainly that "mother derives help and strength and peace from prayer?" Like the dew of the morning, like the rain from heaven upon the thirsty earth, so upon the young life of her growing child comes the blessed influence of a mother's prayers.

Whatever be our deficiencies, here is one thing in which we need never fail, and yet is, perhaps, where we fail oftenest. I often say over those simple but impressive lines of the saintly Dr. Mulenburg, who wrought so successfully for the Master,

"O, take thee heed, and never say,
'I have too much to do to pray,'
Lest half thy work be thrown away,
And then at last lose all thy pay."

Abby C. Labaree, in Christian Intelligencer.

SACHETS.

A pretty sachet for long gloves is made of two pieces of cardboard measuring sixteen inches in length and six inches in breadth, covered on the outside with olive green brocade (cut in one piece) and lined with pale pink quilted silk. Edge it all round with a quilling of olive green ribbon, and finish with bows of olive and pink.

To make a very handsome handkerchief sachet, cut a piece of terra-cotta plush fourteen inches wide and ten inches long; embroider a spray of daisies on it in the natural colors; line it with very pale blue satin, and make the two pockets of quilted satin, sprinkling the wadding with delicate sachet powder. Finish the edges with pale blue silk cord. Fold the sachet over, pass a ribbon through the folded part and tie in a bow on the outside, putting in an invisible stitch or two to keep it in place. Fasten two little silk balls of different sizes to each corner.

Another pretty handkerchief sachet is composed of two pieces of cardboard ten inches square covered with rose-colored silk, and lined with quilted silk of the same color. Put a six-inch square of ivory-white satin embroidered in rose color and gold on the top of the sachet and edge all round the sachet with a quilling of rose-colored ribbon. Finish with bows of the same color.

To make a pretty and convenient work case, cut a piece of ruby plush twenty-two inches long and eight inches wide and line it with gold-colored satin. Round the ends slightly and turn one end up on the gold side to form a pocket, for the work; fasten, with a bow a ribbon, on the centre of the pocket a little diamond-shaped pin-cushion of ruby plush, trimmed round with gold cord. In the centre of the work-case stitch a piece of the ruby plush to hold skeins of thread and silk. Put three rows of herring-bone down this, leaving room between each for a skein of silk or thread. Be careful not to let the stitches go through to the outside. Fasten two little pockets of the plush on each side of this to hold buttons, hooks, etc., and on the end above place a dainty needlebook made of ruby and gold. Trim all the pockets round with gold cord, and ornament the outside with embroidery or gold-colored gimp. Fasten a ribbon to the rounded end, long enough when the pocket is rolled up to go round it and tie in a graceful bow.

Pockets of this kind filled with buttons, silk, cotton, etc., suited to a gentleman's requirements, make very acceptable presents to bachelor friends for travelling.—*—Mrs. S. H. Snider.*

THE SPARE BED.

The strictures which follow do not apply to small houses, nor to houses heated with hot air, but to large houses, especially brick and stone. There is generally a parlor, which only occasionally has a fire, and off it the spare bed-room. A visitor is to stay over night. He timidly suggests that he would like to have the bed aired. The hostess says, "O yes, I always do that!" So she makes a good fire in the parlor and turns down the covers of the bed. The moisture melts on the blankets, and sometimes the ice melts on the wall and runs down on the side of the bed. Let me tell you, dear sister, how to air the bed. Take all the clothes off the bed and the feather tick, and spread them near the stove. Watch them, and turn them for two or three hours.

There are many people to-day quietly sleeping in the churchyard who would be alive and doing useful work had it not been for the spare bed. I write this in the interest of suffering humanity, and pray that it may be the means of saving life.—*Cor. Christian Guardian.*

HOLDERS.

An abundance of holders is a great assistance to a housekeeper, yet many neglect to supply themselves with this great convenience, using, instead, the dish-cloth, dish-towel or anything that comes handy.

The improved handles of frying-pans, kettles and sad-irons do away, somewhat, with the necessity of handling them with a holder, yet there are scores of times when a holder of some kind cannot be dispensed with.

The holders that our grandmothers used to make were filled with cotton batting and quilted, rendering them unwashable. More modern holders are often made of three thicknesses of good towelling, about eight inches square, stitched together around the edges. These are easily washed, and it is not really necessary to iron them.—*Household.*

WHEN A WOMAN IS HAPPIEST.

Says Thomas De Quincey, in a work published posthumously:

"Nineteen times out of twenty I have remarked that the true paradise of a female life, in ranks not too elevated for constant intercourse with the children, is by no means the years of courtship, nor the earliest period of marriage, but that sequestered chamber of her experience in which a mother is left alone through the day, with servant perhaps in a distant part of the house, and (God be thanked) chiefly where there are no servants at all, she is attended by one sole companion, her little first-born angel, as yet clinging to her robe, imperfectly able to walk, still more imperfect in its prattling and innocent thoughts, clinging to her, haunting her wherever she goes, as the shadow, catching from her eye the total inspiration of its little palpitating heart, and sending to hers a thrill of secret pleasure as often as the little fingers fasten on her own. Left alone from morning to night with this one companion, or even with three still wearing the graces of infancy; buds of various stages upon the self-same tree, a woman, if she has the great blessing of approaching such a luxury of paradise, is moving—too often not aware that she is moving—through the divinest section of her life. As evening sets in, the husband through all walks of life, from the highest professional down to the common laborer, returns home to vary her order of conversation by such thoughts and interests as are consonant with his more extensive capacities of intellect. But by that time her child or children lie reposing on the little couch."

TOMATO AND MACARONI SOUP.—The steak bone and little bits of tough flank were put in a small saucepan, with one quart of cold water, and cooked for three hours. When strained there was a pint of stock, which could be used for the tomato and macaroni soup. One quart of stewed tomato was put with this and the saucepan placed on the fire. When this boiled there were stirred into it one teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with half a cupful of cold water. This simmered for twenty-five minutes. As soon as the thickening and seasoning were added to the soup, a generous half-cupful of broken macaroni was put in a stewpan, with a quart of boiling water, and cooked for twenty-five minutes. It was then drained and added to the soup, and all were simmered together for ten minutes. The vegetables were prepared and put away in cold water until the time to cook them.—*Marie Parloa.*

INDIAN BREAD WITH YEAST.—Scald a pint of Indian meal with about a quart of boiling water. When cool stir in one cupful of molasses, add half a cupful of good yeast, then stir in white flour until it is stiff enough to mix smoothly; cover until morning. Then put into bread tins, and let rise for a little while; smooth the top with a wet cloth, and bake in a slow oven two and a half hours.

PUZZLES NO. 13.

BIBLE PUZZLE.

Once righteous people,
With kind intent—
'Twas in the early morn they went,
Some turned back in deep dismay;
The one who stayed, was well repaid.
Who were the people?
What was the day?
What was their mission?
And where went they?

KATE MCALLISTER.

ENIGMA.

My first is in always, but not in aye.
My second is in pitchfork, but not in hay.
My third is in Katharine and also in Fred.
My fourth is in hungry, but not in fed.
My fifth is in cross-tie and also in track.
My sixth is in purple, but not in black.
My seventh is in verse, and also in rhyme.
My whole is a man of Queen Bess's time.

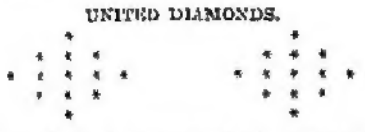
WORD SQUARE.

1. To be bold. 2. Without moisture. 3. To travel. 4. A famous garden.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

(A lake in Switzerland) wished to given (island in Polynesia) party. All the (bay in the east of Newfoundland) (first half of a town in England) came in fancy dress. Two little boys as (straits in New Zealand), with (country in Europe) aprons and (town in the south of New Zealand) on their heads. Another came as a (cape on the west of Africa). A little girl called (one of the Eastern States) came as (city in Germany) (country in Asia); another as a (river in the north of Ireland), with a (city in Kansas) (town in Fifeshire) on her (mountain in British Columbia); and many more in curious costumes. The entertainment ended in a very dainty supper, at which they had a (country in Europe), (island in Lake Ontario), a (lake in the north of California), and (town in the west of Switzerland). One little boy ate too much (town in Ceylon), and then said it wasn't (town in the south of France).

UNITED DIAMONDS.



Left hand: 1. A consonant; 2. Coy; 3. To exhilarate; 4. Affirmative; 5. A consonant.
Right hand: 1. A consonant; 2. An act of law; 3. Entirely; 4. A measure; 5. A vowel.
The two words united—in a mirthful manner.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 12.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.—
M ontcalm.
E dison.
N iagara Falls.
D aniel Webster.
E spego.
L ucy C. Lillie.
S aratoga.
S hakespeare.
O porto.
H awthorne.
N apoleon.

BEHEADINGS.—1. Wheat, heat, eat, at. 2. Slow, low. 3. She, he. 4. Spill, pill, ill. 5. Bat, at. 6. Ton, on. 7. Gold, old. 8. Glass, lass. 9. Brook, rook.

HIDDEN BOUQUET.—1. Sorrel. 2. Lady-slipper. 3. Dahlia. 4. Lily. 5. Mint. 6. Daisy. 7. Rose.

BIBLE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—
1. Redeemer.—Job 19, 25.
2. Death.—Ps. 89, 48.
2. Talent.—Matt. 25, 25.
4. Immortality.—1 Cor. 15, 53.
5. Forever.—Heb. 13, 8.
6. Abraham.—Gen. 17, 4.
7. Bethany.—John 11, 1.
8. Children.—Matt. 19, 14.
9. Feed.—Isa. 40, 11.
10. Thou.

Ans.—"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.—Isa. 43. 1.

CHARADE.—Girl-hood.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from L. H. Cutten, L. E. M. Garrett, Caleb Lane, Mary A. Graham, M. A. McPherson and Mills McGuire.

HEED WELL YOUR CHILD.

B. WAUGH IN "SUNDAY MAGAZINE."

Heed well your child! Great is its share in things to come:
The sapling of a future tree,
For you its crop of good or ill,
As now you influence its will,
To cut eternally.

Heed well your child! All bitterness to man has grown
In youth by some one's fireside,
Untended, selfish, and forlorn,
A pleasant toy, or thing to scorn;
Ennobling loves denied.

Heed well your child! A holy or an evil fate
Was born when its young life began;
A fate to dry or bring the tears,
To awaken or allay the fears
Which shall outlast Time's span.

Heed well your child! Live life before it kind and pure,
Surround its educating hour
With lights to childhood's instincts sweet,
And warmth in which its heart may beat
And throb with heavenly power.

Heed well your child! 'Tis folly deep, and deeper shame
To leave to gaze on godless gloom
Its little understanding eyes,
Be you its sun, be you its skies;
And save you both the wicked's doom.

Heed well your child! As that is God's most clear command,
So with the word the help is given
To penetrate its being's core,
Inspiring life for evermore,
To make a child of heaven.

A LAY PREACHER.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

(Continued.)

In a week comparative comfort reigned in the parsonage. "Dee," as the children called her, was no eye-server. What she knew how to do was thoroughly done. If she could not learn the nicer arts of cooking, she could at least bake and broil by the clock, could knead and scrub and wash with good will, and was devoted to the children. At first she regarded "the minister" with awful reverence; a respect he did not notice, being absorbed in the state of his soul and the state of his stomach; both of which would have been the better for a little wholesome letting alone. But after a while Dee began to understand that the minister was not perfect, and to bring "Bible" to bear upon him accordingly. She had astonished Mrs. Styles one morning when that poor little woman, worn out by a wakeful night with baby and snapped at by her lord and master because breakfast was late, sat down on the doorstep to have a good cry, and was aroused by Dee with—

"Bible says: 'Rejoice always, and again I say unto you, rejoice.'"

"But, Dee," replied the startled mistress, "I can't always rejoice."

"Bible says so, marm. Don't cry! 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.'"

Now it is a curious and involuntary testimony to the vital strength and truth of the Bible that, whereas, in general, no abstract truth offered to a personal anguish soothes or heals that anguish in the least, the greatest propositions of this wonderful volume adapt themselves to the tiniest human capacity, even the vast atmosphere fills with the breath of life the smallest insect, that the Lord reigned actually offered peace to Helen Styles, whose life was restless because of those little daily tortures—a cross husband and a teething baby! She wiped her eyes and went into breakfast with a placid face. Not long after the Reverend Samuel was invited to preach a sermon on some great occasion, and resolved to make a sensation thereby. In order that he might write, silence was inflicted on the whole house—the children sent out to the barn to play, the baby coaxed to sleep, and Mrs. Styles set to her darning, an endless, still-renewing labor; when all of a sudden loud screams were heard, and Eddie came howling in from the barn, with a bump like a purple hen's egg and a bleeding nose. He had fallen off the mow and hit his forehead. Sympathy and arnica increased his grief; bawls and sobs penetrated into his sacred study where the father of the family sat knitting his brows over a very original exegesis of a hitherto obscure text. This was too much. He burst upon the scene, pen in hand, his dressing-gown awry, his hair on end (with running his fingers through it), his tongue loosed, and his dyspepsia (?) rampant.

"Eddy, you naughty boy, hold your tongue! I can't stand this noise."

"He's badly hurt, Samuel," put in pitiful mamma.

"I can't help that. He couldn't make more noise if he were killed. There's no need of such an outcry. Stop this minute, sir, or I'll box your ears."

Eddy stopped. The words and the angry glare of his father's eyes compelled silence. Mr. Styles turned to go back to his sermon, and found Dee in the doorway, staring at him with all her eyes and an expression of mournful indignation. She did not move, but said slowly and wonderingly: "Bible says: 'Like as a father pitieth his children.'"

"Pshaw!" retorted the Reverend Samuel putting her aside with one hand. But as he entered into his study, both her words and his own followed him and disturbed his exegesis a good deal, though at last he managed to get hold of the broken clue again and forgot Eddie's howls and bruises. But the sermon was long in coming to perfection. Vexing interruptions occurred. Three days after the first disturbance, Deacon Parker jogged up to the door with an urgent request that the minister should go directly to Mrs. Johns, a poor young widow, ill this long time, to-day dying, and anxious after our poor human fashion, to have a human hand aid her down into the unknown darkness before her. Dee carried up the request and opened the study door, upon the very keynote of a mighty argument just built up in the minister's mind for his sermon—an argument conclusive enough to have knocked down the whole edifice of heterodoxy and crush all the Philistines under it; but this aggression of pastoral duties put the argument itself to flight, and the minister's stomach got the upper hand of his soul. He stormed at Dee in a very ill-regulated way, indeed. A layman would have sworn; but Mr. Styles recoiled from such language. He only scolded, and Dee received it all with the calm remark: "Bible says, 'Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.'"

This was exasperating; but be it recorded to the honor of our friend's real honesty, that he accepted the rebuke, or at least shifted his ground thereafter, for all he said was, "Tell the deacon I can't go, possibly. I don't believe Mrs. Johns is so ill. She's been sick a great while, and I can't leave my sermon."

The deacon heard these words from without, for the day was still and hot, as sometimes September days are, and the study windows wide open. It did not occur to Mr. Styles that he might have heard more; if he did, his own anxiety made him forget it. He called out loudly now—

"She's a dyin' sure, Mr. Styles. She's dredfully on 't to see ye."

And the unterrified Dee put in: "Bible says, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these,'"—she stopped here, as if the alternative was too awful; but the minister's memory and conscience supplied the rest. He rose quietly, reached his hat, and in half an hour was praying by the widow's bedside like one who saw the heavens open.

"Never heard such a prayer in all my born days," said Deacon Parker to his wife that night. "Seemed as though he see the Lord a-standin' right there and jest put Dely's hand right into his, so 's to pass acrost Jordan."

Had Dee brought this learned man nearer to his Lord than the wise and studied sermon could do? Certain it is that when that discourse came to be delivered, it had a glow about it, an earnestness that made the fathers of the church open their eyes with more interest than ordinary, and one man asked another if there was not something unusual in that sermon for Mr. Styles, but neither could define it. Nevertheless the Reverend Samuel told his wife that Desire was altogether too intrusive; that she seemed to have no respect for him or for his office, and said she must speak to the girl and reprove her.

Mrs. Styles was not surprised, but she was grieved. She hated to hurt Dee, and contrived a thousand ways to make the matter pleasant, ending, as we all do, by speaking the plain facts to the girl, though in a kind voice. But it was in vain. Dee could not understand. "Bible said" was as far as her intellect could manage and Mrs. Styles gave up the matter.

The children received this unintended education differently. Their childish souls were nearer Dee's level. She loved them so tenderly; she was so kind to them; she fed their hungry little hearts with such sweet words and caresses; such patient hearing and such prompt redressing of their small injuries; she was so true that they both respected and loved her, and what she said was for them authoritative. Children are logicians by instinct; it is all in vain to preach to them unless you also practice. It is idle to demand their love unless you are yourself lovable; there is no law of gravitation more cogent than the instinct of a child which draws it toward whatever is good, lovely, gracious, and sincere in its surroundings, and repels it from the evil, unkind, and untrue. When I hear a woman complain that her child does not love her I blame that woman and not the child. After a while it went home to the minister's heart that his children ran to Desire and away from him; that their religion was of her culture not his. He heard, from his study window, many a colloquy between the little flock and their quaint teacher that opened his eyes slowly but surely. Once he would have forbidden these talks, as a great disturbance; now he listened to them eagerly.

"Eddy," said Joe, one Sunday noon, as they ate their pie and cheese on the kitchen piazza, "papa said this morning God don't love wicked people. Dee says he loves everybody. Don't you, Dee?"

"I guess Dee knows," replied Eddy, between the mouthfuls. "Dee talks Bible all the time, and papa don't. Dee acts Bible, too."

"'Honor thy father and thy mother,'" broke in Desire. "Bible says that, Eddy."

"But how about God, Dee?"

"Bible says God loves sinners; it says sin is an abominable thing. Guess he loves the people, Joe, and don't like their doin's. I love you, but I don't love to have you plague Kitty and pull Ed's hair."

"O—h! that's it!" breathed the relieved little theologian, but went on: "What does God let people be wicked for, Dee?"

Mr. Styles pricked up his ears. Here was the awful problem of all theology, over which men had labored and prayed and striven and gone mad, offered by one child to another. It was like seeing the stars brought down for a game of marbles, to the shocked yet curious divine. He did not just then remember who it was that set a little child in the midst of the disputing disciples and bade them become as such themselves.

Dee's face did not move from its Sunday calmness, as she said—

"I don't know, Eddy. Bible says, 'What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.' Dee can wait."

The Reverend Samuel Styles drew his head back from the window with a certain abashed expression. He had preached at least ten excellent sermons on the subject of faith; but he had never seen into it before, it seemed to him. His honest soul stood rebuked in the presence of his servant. Had he but recalled it, here was the old-new story of the little captive maid who preached the virtues of the Jordan to her Syrian master.

Nor did Desire use the Bible alone for admonition. It was her one resource, her ever ready friend in trouble, and she offered its help to those she loved as one child brings another to its own mother for aid or consolation.

She found poor Helen Styles in deep perplexity one day. Nothing went right with her; it was one of those days women have when their small world is all tangled and they can only say: "Oh, dear what shall I do?"

It was to such an overheard exclamation that Dee offered her sole remedy.

"Bible says: 'ask and it shall be given unto you.'"

And Helen remembered that in the day's confusion, her husband's absence precluding family prayer, she had herself hastened down-stairs without her own brief resort to God. He who bade us pray knew well how often prayer is its own answer, how the perplexed and storm-beaten soul, folding its wings for a moment in the higher region of eternal sunshine, becomes tranquil and self-possessed, acquires a keener vision, a more dexterous poise of weapons, a loftier courage.

To rise beyond self, to have our eyes opened, and see the arm of God on our side, is often as powerful an aid as a miracle would be; and after Helen had so rested and calmed her soul the day lighted up, the skein unravelled, and she achieved all that lay before her.

There are many people who regard prayer as a solemn act and ceremony only, a worship so uplifted that into its awful heights our daily woes and wants should never intrude; but these are they who do not accept the fatherhood of God. Dee knew him better; no want assailed her simple soul that was not uttered in her prayers, and so she taught the children. It startled the Reverend Mr. Styles, when one night, his wife being ill, and Dee gone on an errand that was longin doing, he must needs see his boys to bed and hear them say their prayers, to have Eddy begin in this wise:

"Our Father up in Heaven, I am sorry I struck Jack Roe to-day. Please forgive me and help me to be good to-morrow. Please put it into Joe's head to give me half his marbles, and don't let Mr. Parker get vexed with me for nothing. Bless us all in this house and make everybody in the world good. Oh! and make mamma well, please. For Christ's sake. Amen."

(To be Continued.)

NOT A HERMIT LIFE.

The carrying of another's case to God may be the most effectual way of carrying our own to Him. The springing-up of right spiritual affections in regard to other human souls may be the first step in the way of right affections toward God. The same word of God that bids us look to him for salvation bid us "look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Here is the true solution of many a difficulty which individuals have with their own hearts. They forget that they are not simply individuals in the world, having a God to please, a heaven to win for themselves, and a single soul to care for and to save. The word of God knows nothing of a hermit life in religion, or a selfish and isolated piety.—*Owen Street, D.D.*

MOTHER STEWART.

This century, so rapidly nearing its close, cradled and brought to manhood, and to a life of wonderful completeness, Wendell Phillips, the friend of the slave. What honor, that he lived to see the chains of the oppressed broken, and our nation free from this sin!

But there were other wrongs that needed resistance, and the Guiding Hand was preparing the workers for the work, when "the fulness of time should come."

While the young man was being educated at Harvard, amid all the rich influences of Boston life, a young maiden, in a Western town, was working by day and studying by night—the blazing wood fire or pine knot her only light—as intent as he upon mastering the problems before her.

Afterwards she became a teacher, self-made, successful, honored; later, the leader in the great crusade of the home against the saloon, and known in America and the Old World as "Wendell Phillips in Petticoats." Neither could be moved from their convictions; both counted their lives of small value compared with the truth committed to their care.

One lived to rejoice over the fulfilment of his hopes; the other, at the honored old age of 76, sees the question she helped start into vigorous life, thirty-four years ago, become one of the questions of the hour in every civilized nation.

However true the comparison, we like her best by the name the soldier boys gave her—"Mother Stewart." Her whole character is in harmony with the name, and perhaps the larger part of her family of thousands are young men.

Early left an orphan, and thrown upon her own resources, she was fitted to supply the need she had often felt, and understood the cares of young men better than a woman could who had been always shielded in a home.

Mrs. Stewart had a broad "gate of gifts" as her heritage. Her grandfather was Colonel Guthery of Revolutionary fame, her father a Southern gentleman of the highest type, her mother's family noted for their fearlessness and hatred of wrong.

From both parents she inherits a mixture of Scotch-Irish, which accounts for her sturdy independence and her brightness of word and manner.

In 1858 Mrs. Stewart helped organize a Good Templars' lodge, and gave her first temperance lecture to a Band of Hope. The Ohio State University was near her home, and her motherly heart noted with sadness how much the students patronized the saloon.

She tried to arouse the professors and the ministers, but all were anxious to let another's name precede theirs on a promise to speak out against the growing evil, and save the boys. Driven to the wall for a way out, Mrs. Stewart walked the streets one Sunday, in disguised dress, to see for herself if the law was not broken.

"The Law and the Gospel" was the title of her address the next evening in the public hall. No woman had spoken on temperance before, and many came from curiosity. She appealed to the ladies present to help the drunkards' wives in prosecuting the rum-sellers, as the law allowed them to do.

It is a good deal easier to rise under the influence of an eloquent speaker than to come out boldly against the violator of law, and it was not strange that, when the first case came, no woman but Mother Stewart should appear as a friend to the drunkard's wife.

Mother Stewart was called upon to make the opening speech to the jury and read the law. It was new work; any lesser woman would have said, No. She won the jury, and the cradle of home rights for women began rocking. Newspaper comment, near and far, stirred public sentiment.

When the second case came to test, "a whole array of Christian women" sat through the trial, clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs when Mother Stewart won the case.

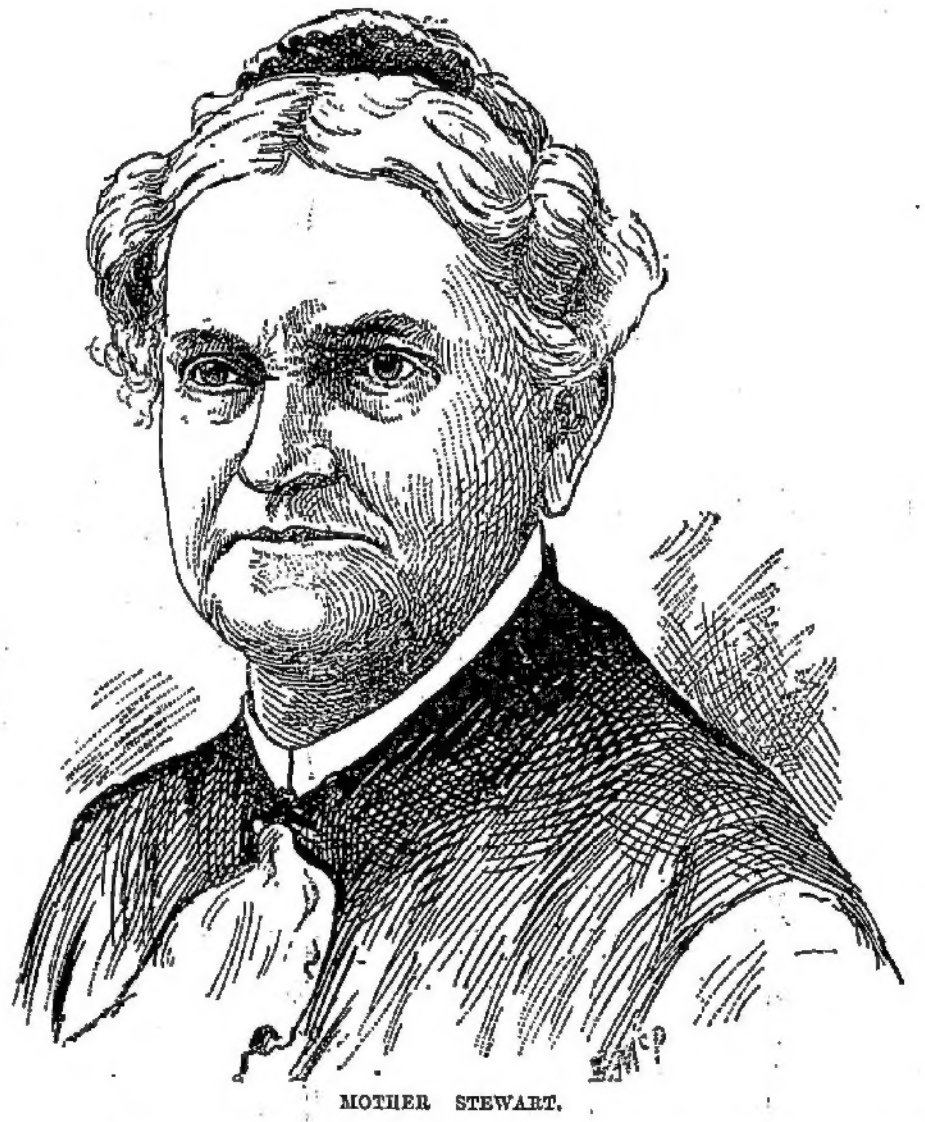
The leading citizens became interested. The first of a series of gospel temperance meetings was held the evening of December 2, 1873, in which ministers, lawyers and physicians took part with the ladies. Towns near Springfield sent for Mother Stewart to come and "wake up the women." Thus early came the thought that this war against the saloon was "woman's war," as Senator Blair has said.

"When a woman will, she will," and no common obstacles can prevent her. It was desired to make two cases at the same time against the saloon-keeper—one for "selling on Sunday," the other for "selling distilled liquors by the glass, to be drunk on the premises." No man would testify. Mother Stewart was invited by a friend to sit in her home on Sunday and see the procession of men that filed along a back alley, close to the church, where a tan-bark walk was laid to the back door of a saloon.

As women sometimes went to the saloon, it caused no surprise when a waterproof-robed figure, with a large sun-bonnet drawn well over her face, hair smoothed out of sight and glasses off, stepped to the counter and asked for a glass of wine. She laid down the dime, picked up the glass and walked out. Looking back, she saw the saloon-keeper "in the yard, his hands spread, a picture of amazement."

The glass of wine served as a test for a public meeting, after which it was restored to the seller. The evidence could not be gainsaid, the liquor man was fined.

Closely following this work of Mother Stewart came the Crusade in earnest, and the women of Hillsboro, and many other



MOTHER STEWART.

towns, organized into praying bands, marching to the saloons, the unterrified, the indomitable, the never-give-up host, gathering more and more to the present day.

Mother Stewart went from State to State, arousing the women, herself the centre of every group, her motherly face framed in silvery hair, her dark eyes tender with emotion, or flashing with indignation, and her voice clear as a bell, compelling attention.

In 1876 she went to Scotland and England, and from her crusade there grew "The British Woman's Temperance Association," of which Lady Somerset is now the leader.

At a "farewell meeting" in Glasgow, eight young men sat before Mother Stewart. They were engineers in the employ of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. They all had the habit of drinking, one bottle of wine being furnished each, as rations, per week day, and a bottle of brandy on Sunday.

These young men were moved by her appeals for a true life, and all resolved to be henceforth total abstainers.

Years after, Mother Stewart read the record of their well kept pledge, and that they, too, had become preachers of righteousness by taking the price of the wine and brandy in money, and spending it for temperance literature, which they gave to their own crew and to ships that crossed their way.

The gifted Richard Realf—author, poet, soldier—found a son's place in her heart. He it was who wrote of the soul of life, or "Indirection":

"Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing."

Unhappy, ill-mated, fighting a passion for drink, he needed the shelter of a mother's love. She tells how she brought him a little primrose from England, and fastened it on his coat lapel before he went to speak one evening.

During his address he told its history, and burst into such a strain of eloquence that every eye in the large audience looked through a mist of tears.

"As a mother mourns for a beloved son, so do even now my tears rain down for Richard Realf," she wrote, after his untimely and lonely death.

The Good Templars' organization has equal claim upon Mother Stewart with the W. C. T. U., and, as the sun never sets on either, she is known and loved over the entire world.

The British Woman's Temperance Association was organized in connection with the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, and was made up largely of members. At the recent session of the R. W. G. L., in Edinburgh, Scotland, and at subsequent receptions, Mother Stewart was received with tremendous enthusiasm.

Her "Memories of the Crusade," published by her secretary, Miss Mattie Campbell, Springfield, Ohio, is in its second edition, and the history of the "Crusade in Great Britain," a work of much value as a link of the great reform, is about completed in manuscript.

She was present at the National W. C. T. U. Convention in Boston, November, 1891, looking far younger than her years, and with no abatement of her enthusiasm. The Good Templars gave her a reception where Greeks, Arabs, evangelists, delighted to greet her, and Boston men came miles to take her by the hand.

The editor of the North Cumberland *Reformer*, Carlisle, England, thus speaks in a letter to Mother Stewart, Feb. 13, 1892:

"The noble place that woman now holds, not only in the great sphere of temperance reform, but in all social and moral reform movements in our country (England), is owing in mighty measure to you. Our own God bless you, and give to your great nation and to the women of the world many more years of your nobly inspiring presence on earth."

To which, we of the white ribbon army say, "Amen."—*Esther T. Housh, in The Household.*

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY L. SANDYS.

What does a girl know of the many temptations that boys who work in stores and offices all day long have to fight against? I can only try to make each lesson applicable to the boys of my class, and pray that God may keep them in all their ways.

I want to tell you of a little gleam of light given me at a time when I was especially sad, as my boys had begun to scatter, and I wondered if my words had fallen like the seeds by the wayside, or if some had fallen on good ground. I was asked by a friend, one day, why I did not get my boys to sign the temperance pledge. She spoke so of the influence I had over my class, and the grand opportunity I was letting pass, that I determined to talk to them on the subject at once. So next Sunday, after the lesson, I pointed out to them the evils of intemperance, showed them that often the best men gave way to it, that it was generally brought about by a careless indulgence while drinking was no temptation, and asked them, in the face of such facts, if they would give the matter their earnest consideration, and let me know the result.

But, to my surprise, my request was met with a general smile, and an almost indignant question as to whether I thought any of them likely to become drunkards. I was thoroughly discouraged, and did not suppose they would give the subject another thought.

Some weeks after, one of the boys looked at me in an awkward, half-ashamed way, as I took my place in the class, saying hesitatingly: "I was at a party on Friday night, and a girl asked me to take wine; but" (with a great gulp) "I said I guessed I wouldn't."

Surely some of you discouraged teachers can understand how I felt as I looked into his great eyes, fixed on mine in an appealing way that brought tears to my own.

"Now, boys," I said, "that is one way I want you to sign the pledge. When you are asked to drink, just say you won't."

One day, after that boy had left home to fill a position in a distant town, I was speaking of him to a family with whom he was very intimate, and said that he was one of the scholars I was least afraid to lose, as I felt he would put into practice the lessons we had so often studied together. By way of explanation, I told them of this incident, and was surprised at the dead silence that followed, until, on looking around, I met the conscious, shamed glance of the eldest daughter. It did not require second-sight to show me that she was the "girl."—*Sunday-school Times.*

HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED.

A pauper on 2s. 6d. a week, bending under the weight of seventy years, was accosted by Mr. Brealey, of the Blackdown Hills Mission on a Sunday early in 1891. "Well, James, you won't be here so very much longer, your journey is nearly over." "Ay, maister," was the reply; "I be a going home to my heritance. I've got t'title deeds, and I shall be a prince then, and, bless 'e, sir, 'e won't know me." It was the last time the old man came to the meeting room, and a short time afterward, when Mr. Brealey called on him, he found that the summons had come for the pauper who lived on half a crown a week to go to his heavenly home. "Well, James, have you any fear!" said his friend. The thin hands clutched the bed-clothes as he drew himself up to give emphasis to his words—"Noa, maister. What ha' I to be afeared of? I have known't' Lord twenty-three years, and I don't believe He will leave me now. I believe the Lord will fulfil every one of His promises." And so the pauper passed to his princely inheritance. This is but one of very many instances of the fruit of Mr. Brealey's blessed ministry to the scattered sheep on the Blackdown Hills.—*Christian Herald.*

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER XI.—THE TOURNAMENT.

In one thing, certainly, Sweet William was distinguishing himself. He was becoming a good archer. He must have inherited the gift or else been a wonderfully apt pupil; for with but a few instructions from Guilbert, he soon learned to handle my lady's little cross-bow as gracefully as any Robin Hood, and to send his arrow flying as swiftly and skilfully as many a practised sportsman. Constance always admired and applauded his successes; for she, too, was a fair archer, and capable of appreciating his skill. There was nothing they enjoyed more than standing together at one of the tower windows and throwing out little pebbles which Nurse Mathilde had previously sewed up into deceiving little round bundles, to see which one could send an arrow quickly enough to split the little bag and release the pebbles.

In these shooting-matches the hawk Ixe was always a lively spectator. He would sit perched upon one of the projecting bars of the window, and eye the little farce half disdainfully and half approvingly; and when a victory was won, and the merry laughter of the two children rang out upon the quiet landscape, he would fly down with a great show of enthusiasm, and return bearing the little woollen trophy in his beak.

It was thus that the little twin-cousins were engaged on one of the first long spring afternoons. Constance stood beside Sweet William, flinging out the little targets; but either my lady was in a playful mood, and tried some of her little witcheries to baffle him, or else luck was not on his side, for he missed them every one.

"Oh, come, Sweet William, try just once, do! You must not be discouraged yet," said her ladyship, with an engaging smile, as the little boy laid down his bow with a disappointed look. "See! I will throw this one very straight. Hold your bow long and steadily—so; and do not move until I give the word."

Sweet William retreated a step or two, threw back his curly head with a resolute air, and held his bow at arm's length for a long second or two.

"Fly!" cried my lady.

At the word which she had always used in hunting with her falcon, Ixe sprang from his perch as swiftly as the arrow itself and crossed it just in time to receive its harp point in his black breast.

Constance uttered a piercing cry, and covered her face with her hands. Mathilde fell back in her chair with a smothered groan; and the little cross-bow dropped from Sweet William's helpless hands, and his face was as deadly pale as if the arrow had been in his own heart.

My lady's feast-day was not for a fortnight to come, and the bird Ixe lay dead beneath the tower window, with Sweet William's arrow buried deep in his black plumes.

The death of the black hawk was regarded in the light of a great calamity at Mount St. Michael—by Constance, who had been so fond of him and spent so many pleasant hours in his company; by Sweet William, who bewailed his wretched luck, and could not forgive himself for bringing sorrow to his dear cousin; but more especially by the good people at the castle, who remembered Mother Anne's words, and plainly saw that this event foreshadowed some great evil.

Mathilde and Lasette were in frequent consultation together, and wore such anxious faces that Sweet William wondered secretly if the loss of the poor bird could really make his nurse act so curiously at times. She had never shown any remarkable affection for the creature; indeed she had spoken of him once or twice as a wild, audacious thing, as like to pick my lady's eyes out or do any other dangerous mischief. And then, too, Lasette had wept almost as much as my lady, and bidden her return no more to the tower that day, but spend the hours of play in giving her favorite due and honorable burial. Ixe, like most of fortune's pets, had many envious enemies in his lifetime; but when he died every one seemed to mourn for him. It is a strange world, and Sweet William was greatly puzzled.

Nor was the general consternation at all lessened when, some days later, intelligence was brought that my lord the duke was actually on his way to Mount St. Michael, with a great company of lords and ladies. This, to the anxious people, made every imaginary evil possible.

But, on the contray, my lord came home, in an unusually benovelent frame of mind, For the wars were ended for a brief season and peace reigned throughout France. It was a happy time. Great victories had been won, and men had distinguished themselves and were on their way homeward rejoicing. Every one seemed disposed to make merry—even the surly Duke of Normandy, who was returning on purpose to prepare for a great joust given by his king.

It was always so in those days—men were either fighting one another in good earnest or doing so in jest. The most popular amusement of the day was the tournament, where valiant knights wrestled with one another, and went through all the mimicry of real combat for the entertainment of royal beholders. And this was thought a fitting way to celebrate any joyous event even the close of a fierce warfare and the reconciliation of two great nations.

Such a tournament it was that Duke William was making ready for, so gorgeous and festive and splendid in every way that it has not its like in all history. It was to be held in a beautiful valley of France near the famous city of Calais; and for months before, great ships loaded with the costliest and rarest luxuries were sailing into this great port, and leaving their cargoes to array the chosen camp. Thousands of workmen were there, busy erecting temporary palaces and gay pavilions and richly-furnished tents for the king and his nobles, who were now gathering from all the country round; and scarcely anything else was talked of for weeks beforehand.

But at Mount St. Michael, so far out on the lonely sea, where the only nobleman was a little boy shut up in a great tower, no news of all this had come, until Duke William himself brought the tidings. And the elaborate preparations that were then made threw the good castle-folk into such a state of excitement that they quite forgot the little episode of the Great Tower.

Now Duke William did not mean to be outshone by any knight in France in the coming festivities. He accordingly gave orders that a ship should be fitted out—a ship magnificient enough to bear so mighty a lord as he to the grand tournament The fair vessel was brought to the shores of the rocky Mount, and for days nothing was done at the castle save to prepare for the eventful journey; and nothing was left undone that could in any way add glitter and glory to its pageantry.

It had been a whim of my lord to take his little daughter with him on this festive tour, and he was pleased to think that her beauty and spirit would be greatly admired by all his noble friends. It was a very uncommon thing, an extraordinary thing, I might say, for a little girl like Constance to share the amusements of older people, much less to travel about for pleasure. True, she had been especially favored as a child, but she had never dreamed of such a privilege as this. Therefore, when her father made known his intention, and told her of all the gorgeousness that would be displayed there, and of the feasting and merry-making, and of all the royal personages that were to be present, she could scarcely contain her rapture.

That night she went straight to the Great Tower, and confided her good fortune to Sweet William. In her own animated way she related all the wonders her father had described to her. She made such a long and impressive story of my lord's achievements, and the bravery he had displayed in the late conquests, that ingenuous William was inclined to believe that the great feast was being held chiefly in honor of my lord.

"And think of it, Sweet William," cried my lady, clapping her little hands excitedly: "I shall see a real tournament, and the king himself, and the bravest knights and loveliest ladies of Europe, and, cousin dear, the most beautiful horses in the land—horses, my father says, that would make even Roncesvalles hang his head! But he says that only to try me, for he knows that my Roncesvalles is the dearest horse in all the world. Oh, I shall miss him, I fear!" she added pensively; "and you, too, my sweet cousin." And she laid her hand ever so gently on the little boy's cheek.

Sweet William looked up at her, and a little shade of trouble filled his eyes.

"And must you go away and leave me?" he asked.

"Yes; but not for long, William dear. And I shall have so much to tell you when I return; we shall talk about it for days. Will you not like to hear about all the wonderful things I am going to see?"

Something in the little boy's tender nature told him he must not mar his dear cousin's happiness with any regrets of his own; and though his heart was heavy at the thought of parting from her for a few short weeks, he answered quite cheerfully,—

"Oh, I will, indeed, Constance; but I shall like better than all to see you coming home again. When does the ship set sail?"

"Not for a fortnight," returned my lady—"time enough for nurse to teach me courtly manners and how to make a pretty reverence. She cautions me every day about my good behavior, and says I must not prattle much, as I do here; for in the big world children are wont to sit and listen while their elders speak. I have much to learn, Sweet William, and I am such a wilful child that poor Lasette will be quite gray, I fear, before she has made a good lady of me."

Sweet William was about to interpose, but she put the tips of her rosy fingers on his lips, saying,—

"No, no, William! you must not contradict me. I am a very naughty child. I am always making nurse cry. But yesterday I said to her that my father would take you to the tournament too, if she would let me tell him you were here. But she looked at me with such sad eyes, and said 'Constance, Constance,' so reproachfully, that I had to promise again and again I would keep our secret from him. Oh, I wish that wanting to be good could make one so!" And Constance rested her little chin on her hands and was silent for a moment, as if quite overwhelmed at the thought of her iniquities.

"I ought to be good," she added after a pause, "for I have much to make me happy."

"You are very good, I think," added Sweet William seriously; "and that is why you are so happy."

"Oh, my dear, dear cousin," cried my lady, in surprise as well as pleasure, "do you really think so?" And she ran up to him and embraced him heartily.

In all their little scenes Sweet William's fondness, unlike that of Constance, was always evinced in a quiet and gentle dignity which contrasted singularly with the little girl's ardent and captivating demonstrations; and a stranger looking in upon them would hardly have taken them for children of the same hour.

"Now, Constance, tell me more about the beautiful ship," Sweet William said, as they walked hand in hand to the window overlooking the sea.

So she made a vivid picture of the splendors she anticipated; for she was an imaginative little person, and William never wearied of listening to the lively prattle that Nurse Lasette had seemed to condemn.

"Our ship will sail past this very window," said she, "and you must stand here and smile at me; and I shall look up and remember you so all the while I am gone. Will you, Sweet William?"

Sweet William promised, and for the moment forgot his own disappointment in her happiness.

A little later, when my lady turned to say good-night, she kissed Sweet William tenderly, and whispered in his ear,—

"I am very happy, cousin dear; but I should be much happier if you were going with me."

At last the eventful day arrived; and my lady, looking her fairest in her pretty gown of white and the June sunshine lighting up her bright hair, stepped on board the splendid vessel, followed by Nurse Lasette, and then Duke William and all his retinue and a host of lords and ladies in gay and gorgeous costumes—the most brilliant company the rocks of Mount St. Michael had looked down upon for many a long day. There were music and dancing and feasting aboard, and merry laughter rang out on the sea, and high above all floated the white banner of Normandy, with the lilies of France upon it, emblazoned in purple and gold. Then the anchors were loosed, and the sailors' glad shout rose from the waters and the fair ship set sail on a quiet sea.

All this Sweet William saw from the window of the Great Tower, and the promised smile on his young lips was very faint as he saw the last flutter of my lady's golden hair. He looked long and wistfully after the gallant ship—long after the last of her happy crew had faded out of sight, and her tall white sails looked like the wings of some great sea-bird; and then he turned away with a heavy heart, and fell into the arms of his nurse Mathilde and sobbed away all his bitterness.

Oh the memory of a first sorrow, a sorrow like this—to part from that we love best in all the world! How it lingers in the heart, how it hovers about us even in the happier moments! Sweet William never forgot this hour. He had enjoyed the love and companionship of so few people during his strange childhood, that to lose sight of one of them even for a brief season seemed like taking a part of his own life away; and a sense of dreary emptiness oppressed him, and filled him with vague fears.

Mathilde tried to comfort him, as she alone could do, with cheerful words and promises; and she cradled him in her arms as tenderly as in the days of his babyhood. But Sweet William could not help remembering that another ship had once gone from the shores of Mount St. Michael and never returned; and he wondered if he should have to watch and wait as the old Norman peasant had done.

The days were very long now without my lady's bright little person in the tower chamber; and Sweet William had so much leisure to think and ponder over his mysterious seclusion, and he was so much wiser than in the old days when his relations with Constance were only fanciful, that Nurse Mathilde plainly saw the end. Sweet William would awaken to his wretched lot. In spite of all her efforts, the tower would be to him what it had been to so many others—a dreary prison whose walls stood between him and all life's blessings. It would be unbearable, and his young soul would droop and sicken under it all: and this thought was so distressing to her that she could hardly keep a brave face for her darling. But she prayed, oh, so earnestly, in her heart that the good God would provide some way, any way, by which her precious boy might be spared from the evils that seemed threatening.

Long before the time appointed for my lord's return to Mount St. Michael, Sweet William was keeping a patient and faithful vigil at the tower window. He was never tired of looking out across the tranquil sea, though for many more days nothing was seen upon its bosom but the blue reflection of the summer heavens.

(To be Continued.)

THE RUDDER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the level ocean floor?
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go, to seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to move at the breezes' will,
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting in distance gray;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all on their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a staunch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will of the man is there:
There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her course and the helmsman's watchful care

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide, treacherous sea,—
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to stand the stress of the gale,
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch, whatever the tumult be,
For the will of man, with the help of God, shall conquer and prevail.

STAR PICTURES AND STAR LESSONS.

Perhaps you have been out to tea sometimes, lately, and when you were coming home you did so like to look up and see the bright stars shining in the dark sky, and you wished you knew more about them.

Of course you all know the little verse:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;"

but that only makes you wonder all the more what those little twinklers are which sparkle so beautifully. And then sometimes, when going to bed, you have pulled aside the curtain just to peep out and see the lovely shining stars.

Now wouldn't it be very, very nice if you could tell the names of some of those stars and know something more about them? I feel sure you would like it as much as two tiny boys did for whom these star pictures were first made, and when nurse came to fetch them to bed they ran off so gladly—to think that they might peep out and see their shiny friends the stars—for they did seem like friends when they knew their names, and knew just the right place in the sky to look for them.

Then I want you to remember, that ages ago, old Abraham and Job looked up and saw those very same lights in the sky—just the very same sky pictures that I want you now to learn to see.

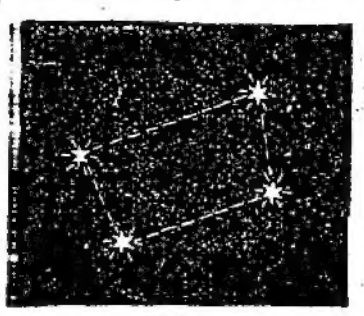


FIG. 1.

First, we will learn to draw one star picture with counters on the table, and then the first bright starlight night you must ask if you can look out and find that same picture in the sky.

Each take four counters and lay them like this—to make the figure of a plough—only without the handle first—like Fig. 1.

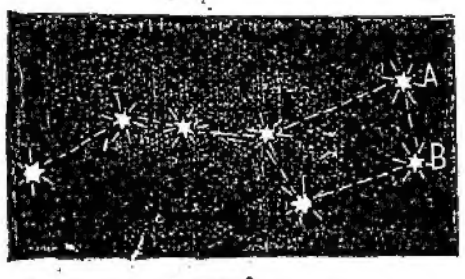


FIG. 2.

Now three more counters to form the handle, like Fig. 2.

Next gather up the counters, and with those seven make again the plough all by yourselves.

This figure you can see in the sky both summer and winter, only you must ask some one to show you which is the north, and then stand facing that way and see if you can pick out those seven very bright stars. Sometimes you will find the plough with the handle up, and sometimes the handle will be down, but its shape is always the same.

The two end stars are called pointers (A, B, Fig. 2), and next time we will learn what they point to. Now if you know quite well how to lay the figure of a plough on the table, try next and prick that figure on a piece of paper, putting a round hole for each star. Then hold it up to the light and you have a shining picture of our sky plough, just like it will shine when you look out at night towards the north. This plough forms part of a group of stars called "The Great Bear"—or *Ursa Major*

II.

To-day we must see what those pointers in the plough point to. Make out your plough with seven counters once more, and now a long way up in the same direction as the pointers point to, put one counter. That counter will represent what is called the Pole star.

It is not so bright as the seven stars of the plough, but I think you cannot help finding it in the sky when once you find the pointers, and take a sort of line from them till you come to one star which is brighter than any others near it.

Each of these twinkling stars which you see is really a sun—yes, a blazing sun like ours, only some of these are much, much larger than our sun. But they are so far away that they seem to us like fireflies.

Our bright sun itself, if it could move away from us as far as these stars are now, would itself look like a twinkling star and nothing more.

Round this Pole star, which we have just learned as our new star for to-day, all the other stars seem to turn. We will try and picture it for ourselves.

First draw the plough on a piece of paper, with the Pole star in its proper place in a line from the pointers; and through the Pole star place a pin and stick it firmly into a book or table. Then, *if you turn the paper* slowly round, you will see that the plough moves round the Pole star; and sometimes it will have its handle up and sometimes down—upside down when it gets opposite to you, and in its old place when it comes right round to you again. But you see it never moves farther away from the Pole star—it only goes round and round it.—*Juvenile Instructor.*

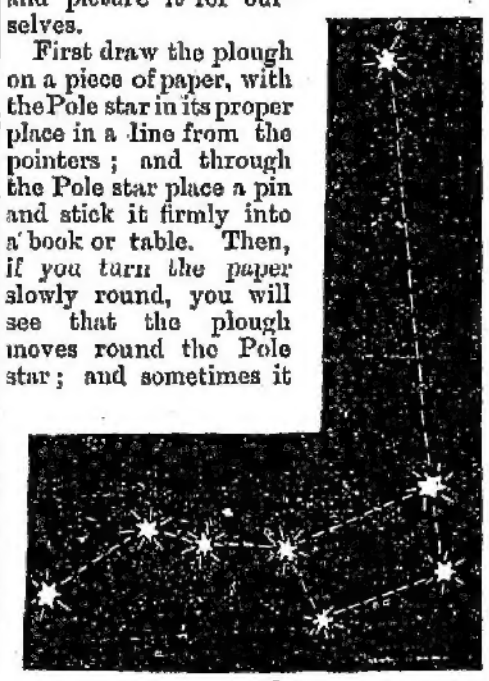


FIG. 3.

SWEET WILLIAM,

OR THE CASTLE OF MOUNT ST MICHAEL.

By Marguerite Bouvet.

CHAPTER XII.—COUNT PHILIPPE.

With a gentle and prosperous wind, the fair Norman vessel soon entered into port at Calais. Already the gay city was alive with the spirit of the prodigious feast. Everything was stirring, and had a wonderfully festive look. Even the working-people, dressed out in their Sunday costumes, seemed for the time to have little else to do besides watching the gay multitudes flocking toward the place of meeting. The road thither was hung with garlands, and strewn with flowers, and lighted by hundreds of flaming torches. Gorgeous equipages rolled by incessantly, while strains of martial music echoed far and wide; and it really seemed as if the whole world were on a glorious holiday.

My little Lady Constance, who had been in ecstasies all the way, was now quite bewildered by this new magnificence. Her bright blue eyes were bigger and brighter than ever, and her active little tongue could hardly ask questions fast enough. She entirely forgot Nurse Lasette's injunction, and her unrestrained prattling and exclamations of surprise and her merry ringing laughter were quite improper for a little lady of the nobility. But my lord the duke was mightily amused by it all. He said his little daughter's amazement was a far more interesting sight to him than all the king's tournaments; and many of his noble friends said so too.

When Constance reached the beautiful field, she found there was still a great deal more to delight her. Such wonderful things as she saw—magnificent tents decked and hung in golden tapestries, and gorgeous banners waving overhead, and golden statues of lions and other monstrous creatures, which she admired greatly, and fountains that ran wine as freely as water, and sparkled like rubies in the sunlight. Then there were horses without number—strong handsome horses, splendidly caparisoned, and wearing crests of tall white plumes on their proud heads; and their riders were clad from head to foot in bright armor, and carried long spears that flashed and glittered so that the scene was dazzling to the eyes. Indeed there seemed to be no end of pomp and glory; and Constance felt that this was certainly the grandest spectacle she had ever looked upon. She had never supposed there were so many people in the world, and such amiable and courtly people too; for every one had a smile for the pretty bright-haired child who went about hand in hand so confidingly with the grim and redoubtable Duke William.

On the day after the arrival, Constance went with her father to visit the tents of some great lords whose names she could not remember, they were so long and strange; and the flattering remarks which her beauty and winning ways called forth on every side were as music to the vain old ears of my lord. He had never been admired by any one himself, and he knew it. He had always before hated those who were, and shown his envy in some unpleasant way. But with this child it was different. She was a part of himself, and he felt that all her charms and graces were but a reflection of his own greatness, and a thing to be proud of and glory in. Some of these great people actually said she was a rival for the pretty queen herself, and better fitted to grace the court of France than the bare rocks of Mount St. Michael; at which Duke William smiled pleasurably and his ambitions rose high.

But her little ladyship, who happily was ignorant of all ambition, and still more unconscious of all her attractions, spoke up with her usual artless daring,—

"But I shall never leave Mount St. Michael, except with—"

"Except with whom?" demanded my lord.

"Except with some one I love very, very much," answered she, looking up at him with a bright mischievous little smile.

And my lord, thinking she meant him, was pleased that his great friends should see how perfectly she loved and trusted him. He had had little enough love and trust to boast of, forsooth, and hers was now the sweetest thing in life to him.

On the next day the games began; and Constance was installed in one of the airy pavilions, in the midst of a group of fair ladies, beautifully dressed in light silken robes, with dainty laces about their shoulders, and roses blooming freely upon their cheeks. Nurse Lasette stood near by and when my lady saw something that particularly astonished her, or when her little feelings became too much for her, she would draw Lasette's face down to hers and whisper in her ear, "O nurse, if Sweet William could but see all this!"

Constance soon noticed that many brave and handsome knights hovered continually about their pavilion. It is a curious thing but one may nearly always see brave young knights wherever there are lovely ladies. Constance did not yet know this great law of attraction; so she watched them all with deep interest, and amused her nurse with her comments.

"The ladies must love the brave knights very much to give them such beautiful knots of ribbon," said she; "and look! some of them are throwing down flowers. Why do not the young lords kiss the pretty ladies for their pains, Lasette?"

But Lasette was at a loss to say why the young noblemen should prove themselves so thoughtless and ungrateful.

Presently my lady was interrupted in her ingenuous reflections. A young knight stood beside one of the flower-decked pillars of their bower, and directed his glances so often towards the little figure in white that Constance began to notice him particularly. He was alone. He neither spoke with the fair ladies above him, nor received flowers and favors from their hands. He had an absent look in his eyes, except when he looked at Constance, and then she observed that he smiled a little. She thought him very handsome and manly. He wore such a beautiful cloak of crimson velvet, fastened on the shoulder with a large silver clasp. One end of it was gracefully thrown back, and revealed a splendid girdle and sword-hilt all inlaid with precious stones. She liked his face, too—for it was a pleasant face, fairer than that of most men—while his hair was almost as yellow as her own.

"I wonder what lady he is looking for," she mused, as she studied him with her wide-awake blue eyes. But as she was unable to satisfy herself on this point, she soon became interested in some of the lively combats that were going on.

As for the young nobleman, he watched the games but little that day. Every now and then Constance found his eyes upon her, and after a little she began to think that he was looking for no less a lady than her little self. Whenever she broke out into some exclamation of delight, or clapped her little hands, or made some artless remark to her nurse, he watched her, following all her movements and smiling as if in sympathy with her enjoyment.

Many eyes watched the pretty child that day, but none so furtively as the young lord's; and many spoke of her that night, but the young nobleman did not—he only took with him the memory of her bright young face, and spent a great portion of the night in thinking.

As for my lady, when she laid her tired little head on her pillow that night, she wondered if she would wake in the morning and find it all a dream. Her thoughts wandered to the old fortress in Normandy, and it seemed years since she had left it. All that she had seen since then went through her mind in rapid succession; and lastly she thought of the great distance between her and the little cousin she loved, and but for that thought she felt this had been the happiest day of her life.

On the third day, and on all the days following, Constance went again with her nurse to the ladies' pavilion. Each day she saw the young lord standing alone near the same pillar, and looking at her with the same searching look in his blue eyes. At last one day he came and spoke with her, and asked her in a courtly way what she thought of the king's great tournament. He had a kindly voice as well as a pleasant face, and Constance was disposed to be very friendly with him. So she told him in her quaint little way, how pleased and surprised she had been, and how like a great lady she felt, as she watched the brave way in which the young knights were disporting themselves in the lists.

"It is a noble sight," she said. "There is only one thing I miss—just one thing."

"And what is that?" inquired her friend.

"There is not in all this great assembly a single face that resembles Sweet William's."

"Sweet William!" repeated the nobleman; "that is a dainty name enough. And pray, who is Sweet William?"

"My cousin—my little twin-cousin who lives in the Great Tower at Mount St. Michael. I am so fond of him, and he is fond of me. I think of him all the time, even while I am seeing such great and curious sights as these; and I wish that he were with me. It was such a pity to come away and leave him shut up in that Great Tower—but there! I have again forgotten," she added hastily. "Nurse told me never to speak of Sweet William to any one, but she said 'to any one at Mount St. Michael;' and you are not at Mount St. Michael, so it is no great wrong."

The young lord looked surprised, but after a pause he said,—

"It is no wrong at all. I am not of Mount St. Michael, but of Chalons. I am the Count Philippe of Chalons, and I have never been in Normandy. But I had a sister once who was there—a sweet and beautiful lady," he said. And as he looked more intently at the little girl he added under his breath, "And you are wonderfully like her—wonderfully like her!"

(To be Continued.)

THERE ARE about 600,000 drunkards in the United States. How many cities of 40,000 inhabitants each would these drunkards form?

IT WILL be a part of the joy of heaven that there we shall always want to do what is right; it will always be right to do what we want to.—*D. H. Parkhurst, D. D.*

THE REFUGE.

Within the car a little girl
With hair of gold, and tresses and curl
Like living sunshine—all alive,
Kept flitting up and down the aisle;
Now here, now there, from seat to seat,
Merrily danced the little feet;
The sunny face now pressed the pane,
Now called the sunshine back again.

All loved her, as from place to place
She fluttered with a bird-like grace;
And now with this one, now with that,
Stopped to exchange a smile or chat.
Our eyes were ever on the child,
So the long journey we beguiled;
Her blue eyes could so friendly be,
Nobody knew whose treasure she.

But suddenly from sunlight plain
Into a tunnel rushed the train.
Ah! then we knew whose arms should hold
The little one with locks of gold.
"Papa! papa!" she trembling cried,
And, groping, sought her father's side;
As out into the day we pressed,
Her head lay on her father's breast.

'Tis so with us; when life is fair
We, *too, forget our Father's* care,
And wander wheresoe'er we will,
But, oh! He's watching, watching still;
And when the shadows 'round us fall,
He hears and heeds His children's call.
We run to Him with fear oppressed—
He folds us to His gracious breast.

—*Congregationalist.*

THE HYDROPHOBIA SCARE.

Not long ago a representative of the *New York World* intervened Superintendent Hankinson of the American S.P.C.A. on the ever interesting subject of hydrophobia. Mr. Hankinson is described as a good-natured looking man with reddish hair, who is afraid of nothing and nobody, not even of hydrophobia quacks. "Can a man," the reporter asked him, "scare himself to death after being bitten by a dog which isn't mad?"

"Why, certainly," he said, with decision, "That man down in Asbury Park, who was bitten by a cat, was scared to death. He never had hydrophobia. He died of nervous prostration brought on by worry over an imaginary danger. His friends were all pitying him and hoping he would not die, and prophesying that he would, and he was a man of nervous temperament, as educated people sometimes are, and it simply killed him. I suppose he read up in the books about hydrophobia and it turned his head. That's all there was about it. Do you remember what a fuss there was about those Newark boys who were bitten by a 'mad dog,' and who were sent over to Pasteur to be 'cured?'"

"Why, of course; who doesn't?"

"Well it's quite easy to cure a disease that never existed. Those boys never had hydrophobia and never would have had it. The dogs didn't have it. During that excitement we went to Newark and found a lot of dogs shut up. We asked to be allowed to take them away to our stables. Do you know what was done with those dogs? After the excitement was all over they were given back to their owners, every one of them, not one was killed. Not one of them had anything worse than a fit. Why, our men are constantly handling dogs, get bitten again and again, but they never dream of having hydrophobia. It's a myth. There isn't any such thing."

"Then you don't believe in the existence of such a disease?" I asked, thinking that as Mr. Hankinson probably knows more about animals than any other man in America, he must be good authority.

"No, I don't. There may be such a disease, but I don't believe it. I never saw a case or knew of one positively."

"How about those doctors who cure it?"

"They don't cure anything. I asked a man who makes a specialty of treating hydrophobia, as he calls it—"

"Do you mean Dr. Gibier, Pasteur's pupil, and the head of the hydrophobia hospital here?" I asked.

"I won't say whom I mean or don't mean," said Mr. Hankinson, warming up to his story; "but he treats hydrophobia patients. I asked him once if he ever saw one single case of hydrophobia to which he could swear. He refused to answer, but he told me this story: A man came to him one day in terrible distress. He had been bitten by a dog; he feared madness; he could not sleep at night and was afraid he was going to die. He begged the doctor to treat him. The doctor said it was too late; the period of inoculation had passed and it was no good now. If he had hydrophobia there was no way to stop it. The man went away, but came back the next day nearly frantic. He hadn't slept a wink and begged the doctor to do something for him. So the doctor took the man into his operating-room and gave him a hypodermic injection of water—just pure Croton water. He went away slept for the first time in two weeks and came back the next day for more water, and again the next and was soon perfectly cured. The doctor told me that himself, and he professes to cure hydrophobia."

"Why," continued Mr. Hankinson, "I've had a woman in hysterics right in that chair you're sitting in because a dog had bitten her. She wanted me to kill the dog. I wouldn't do it. Then she screamed in a terrible way. When she stopped I said to her: 'Madam, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. A woman of your intelligence! You've interrupted the business of the office and drawn a big crowd under the window to listen to your yelling, and all for a whim. Somebody told you you were going to go mad, and now you think you ought to go mad and you'll be mad if you don't go mad. You just go home and say nothing about it and you'll be all right.' And she did it.

"Another woman brought her boy in. He had been bitten by a mad dog, and she wanted it shot, she said. The boy looked perfectly well.

"'Now, look here,' said I, 'you've been talking a good deal to the boy about this, haven't you? And the neighbors have too? And you've been telling him that he's likely to have hydrophobia, haven't you?'

"Yes, of course we've talked about it," said she.

"Exactly,' said I. 'You've been taking the precise course likely to drive him mad or make him think himself so. You have been trying to scare him to death. If he were to go crazy it would be your fault. How is it, bub,' said I, turning to the little fellow. 'You don't expect to go mad, do you?'

"No, He didn't think he should, he said. He didn't feel any different. He was a brave little fellow. So I sent them home, too, and that was the last I heard of it. The dog had a fit, that was all. It's a shame the way people will shoot valuable dogs just for a fit that might be easily cured or avoided."

"How would you treat a dog to prevent fits? How would you take care of him in summer?" I asked.

"I would have a dish of water set where he could always get at it, and I wouldn't feed him too much. A dog ought to be fed very little meat, especially one that is kept much in the house. If dogs are pampered and lazy and overfed they are likely to have fits. Fits are the result of these causes particularly, and of heat. You never see a lean, homeless cur in a fit. They have to fight for what they get, and don't get more than is good for them. Petted dogs are the most liable to sickness. Why, one time a young chap came here and said he wanted his dog—a great big splendid fellow—shot for hydrophobia. 'We won't shoot him,' said I, 'but we'll put him over in the stable.' So we did; tied him up and left him there in a fit sure enough. But we gave him nothing to eat. Next morning he was as right as could be, and with a wonderfully fine appetite. When the owner came in he was delighted.

"What did you give him?" he said.

"'We gave him nothing at all,' I replied. 'You feed him too much, that is all.' Mistaken kindness is the cause of all the trouble. Dogs should get plenty of exercise and water. But not too much food."

TOBACCO AND THE TEETH.

It causes the teeth to turn yellow and decay, and the gums to grow soft and spongy until even the sound teeth often drop out.

Dr. John Allan, the father of dentistry in New York, says it is almost impossible to fit false teeth closely in the mouth of a tobacco user, because of the flabbiness of the gums.

Eminent surgeons testify that the most terrible cases of cancer of the lips, tongue and stomach, are often occasioned by smoking.

Senator Hill, one of the most eminent men of the South, United States Senator from Georgia, died in 1883, of cancer of the tongue caused by smoking, and Ex-Mayor Samuel Powell, of Brooklyn, died of cancer of the mouth from the same cause.

General Grant, the world renowned soldier, who was President of the United States for two terms, fell a victim to cancer of the throat, caused by smoking.

The use of tobacco almost always stunts a boy's growth and makes him puny, weak and cowardly. No boy who smokes or chews can expect to grow to be a strong, upright man.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys and girls, you are all interested in baby; you are happy and pleased when your little infant brother or sister is bright, vivacious, healthy and strong. We know that many of you have such darlings at home. We also know, that some of you have little sickly and weak baby brothers and sisters; and we know that some of them are very cross, peevish and restless, and cannot sleep well. You know that baby cries a great deal, and keeps mother awake all night; and very often you are kept awake too, as you are compelled to listen to dear baby's crying.

Now, boys and girls, we wish you to tell mamma that Lactated Food will do baby good if it is fed with it. Tell mamma that in nine cases out of ten the cow's milk which is used is not suited for baby, while the common artificial foods make baby's stomach weak and cause inflammation and pain.

Ask mamma to send her address to the Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, and they will send *free* a full sized tin of their Lactated Food, which will make baby a sweet joy, and a thing of happiness to all at home.

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"